

PAGE FOR WOMEN ABOUT FASHIONS AND HOME



THE FAMILY DORCAS.

THE FAMILY DORCAS AND WHAT SHE DOES

She's the Up-to-Date Young Lady Who Delights in Doing the Family Sewing and Seeing to It That Her Mother and Sisters Are Arrayed as the Lilies of the Field—The Utensils She Employs Are Frequently Unique—Her Workshop Is a Model in Every Respect, and an Incentive to Work.

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON, Specialist on Woman's Topics.

THE return of the girl feminine in the guise of the family Dorcas is a physical expression of the material life which has set in for the garment stamped "made for you." The ready-made garment is no longer in vogue, hence the revival of Miss Dorcas in all her former charm.

The family Dorcas has discovered that the secret of tailored effects lies in the finish. She selects a reliable pattern, fits the dress carefully and has the stitching and pressing done by the tailor on the next block. But the blouse more than any other article of feminine dress is responsible for the important position in the family now occupied by Miss Dorcas. The ready-to-wear blouse at a reasonable figure is not satisfying to the American girl's love of daintiness. Many a young business woman has stopped in front of a shop window and gazed long and hard at the blouse which cost fifty dollars, in the realization that if she only had the time she could do hand work fully as fine herself. In fact, not only would her hand-work be as dainty and artistic, but the seams of the blouse would be better sewn and the small final touches, such as hooks and eyes and catches, would be more secure.

The girl who is bright, naturally artistic in designing and making color combinations and who has also a natural bent for sewing, will really do well if she takes in her family the position of general dressmaker. One young woman made a bargain with her two sisters, who work down-town, and with her mother, who is actively engaged in club and social duties. She has taken entire charge of the family sewing—for a consideration—and she goes on it in the best of spirits. One young woman who was wont to the breeze her sign "Robes at Manteaux." She designs, buys and makes every gown worn by the women of her family, and she makes just as good an income as either of her business-like sisters and has easier hours. At first this happy condition did not prevail, because she did not understand how to manage her work. She allowed herself to become nervous and for many weeks her hours were too long. She sat up late at night to finish off bits of work that could very well wait another day, and she acquired a case of indigestion.

Now she sews systematically and regularly. As a rule she goes down town twice a week, and is at the shops when the doors open. During what is known as her rush season she has a girl to help her with the stitching and finishing. So well has she systematized her work that she is able to attend an occasional afternoon function or concert even in the busiest season. Her sewing room is on the top floor of her old-fashioned house, and a skylight which cost fifty dollars and which she bought at a bargain, and which, man-like, he heartily approved. The bare floor is oiled and the wall is covered with a soft green paper restful to the eyes. In winter she has a thick felt rug on the floor, but in summer she prefers a covering of any color. The most important article of furniture in this room is a discarded bookcase of the old-fashioned sort, with glass doors. Arranged on its shelves are dressmaking supplies, things of all sorts, binders, featherstons and the different trifles that go to make up a well-stocked dressmaker's stock of supplies. On the top shelf, in compact rolls, are kept pieces of the gowns made up, so that if repairs are needed she can easily lay her hands on a scrap of the goods. In the two drawers on which the glass bookcase stands are kept button boxes, threads and all kinds, hooks and eyes and other small articles.

Another useful article of furniture for the family Dorcas is a circular coat and suit rack with projecting arms, such as can be seen in any suit department in a big store. From this she hangs individual coat racks, carrying dresses under way or gowns laid up for repair. It is rather high, preventing the gowns from dragging and gathering dust. To further protect them she has a balloon-shaped cloth of unbleached muslin which fits

wheel revolves so does the fan, sending graceful breezes toward the sewer.

Every woman who has knelt on the floor to cut garments, or struggled to keep her pattern straight on the soft foundation of a bed, will appreciate the cutting table which this family Dorcas has made for a trifle over a dollar. It is merely a pair of broad, plane boards riveted together and set firmly on a pair of supports or horses, such as paper-hangers use. Like the paper-hanger's table, it is built rather high, so that Miss Dorcas does not stoop to the injury of her figure and her health when she is cutting a garment.

An adjustable table of smaller dimensions, which she uses when seated, was the gift of her two sisters last Christmas. Instead of the ordinary folding sewing table with folding legs, this pretty mahogany rests on a brass stand and turns up and down when needed, like the inland card tables. It is a good imitation of mahogany and has the yard measure marked off on it.

An adjustable skirt form for draping and hanging skirts, and a bust form for draping blouses, arranging trimmings, etc., are other essential features of her equipment.

Miss Dorcas has brought to bear on her work a degree of intelligence which makes it pleasant and easy. She never fails to visit the most convenient laundry and to keep in touch with all the innovations which simplify the dressmaker's work. She keeps in stock petticoat yokes which fit the various women in her family. These have three buttons and buttonholes in the back and are fully as good as anything which can be made at home. For waist shirt-waists she buys the regulation neck bands, kept in stock by haberdashers for men's shirts.

This particular dress took a course of lessons in cutting and fitting, for which her father paid, saying that she had as much right to a training for this work as her sister, who is a stenographer, had to her course at a business college. Many girls are "born dressmakers" and succeed without a course of training, but the latter gives a sense of security.

Her sewing room is a pleasure as well as a business office. Flowers bloom at the windows and a few attractive plants are on the wall. An easy couch on one side of the room, which, when raised, shows a deep cavity for holding materials, is supplemented by several comfortable chairs for Miss Dorcas's friends have learned to drop in for a social chat and do not expect their busy hostess to stop her work because of their coming. Few parents could withstand the pleadings of a Dorcas for such a room as this.

Such a room is a rare incentive to work, and many a girl who struggles almost tearfully with the family sewing in narrow quarters called sewing rooms would do better work and do it more cheerfully in harmonious surroundings.

FLOWER DINNERS A FAD.

Flower dinners are quite the fad this summer. The rose is the queen just now, and with the rose is a revival of fadism. A young woman who has a fair face adorns name cards for rose dinners. One such dinner took place at a country house where the hostess prides herself on her rose garden. The table was on a dais covered with Oriental rugs placed in the center of the rose garden. Overhead a tent of rose-colored cloth was strung with dew and the night moths. Rose-colored lights sparkled overhead, and an orchestra of "flower" music, beginning with "The Flower Song" and ending with "The Last Rose of Summer," played in the background. The table was a solid bed of rose leaves and foliage. In the center stood a tall sheath of the long stem roses, which were the hostess's pride. The table was set with a rose-colored Venetian or Bohemian glass, with rosebuds. The name cards bore the miniature of the hostess, and the roses were much in evidence in the menu. The cherry soup was served in cups decorated with the rose, and all the other dishes were decorated with roses. The lobster was served in paper rose cases, and the spring lamb roast was borne in surrounded by a wreath of potato roses. Rose puree, the first course in this shape, cakes decorated with this design in sugar, and rose flavored ice cream with rose syrup, made the feast a rosy one.

over them, stand and all at night. This does away with the practice of laying a half-finished garment in mussed condition on a table or bed.

A device which economizes strength and nervous force is a drop-leaf attached to the back of her sewing machine. This leaf can be raised when she has a large, heavy piece of stitching to do, and saves her the effort of supporting as well as guiding the goods. Every home dressmaker knows this strength required to hold a heavy dress skirt in place during the stitching process.

Another attachment for the machine which is comforting in hot weather is a small fan designed after the fashion of electric fans. It is operated by the mechanism of the machine, and as the

Hints to Housewives

PICNIC LUNCHEONS.

In the days when we went gypsying the lads and lassies in their best were dressed from top to toe.—Ransford.

I. Cold Lamb, sliced thin, Ham Sandwiches, Fried Chicken, Bread and Butter, Apple Turnovers, Almond Macaroons, Small Pickles, Salted Almonds, Apponlaris Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Fruit.

Eggs Stuffed with Deviled Ham, Sardines, Cola Tongue Sliced, Lettuce Salad, Currant Jelly, Cottage Cheese, Peach Short Cake, Claret Punch.

CAMP DINNERS.

"Under the yaller pines I house, When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented, An' hear among their furry boughs The baskin' west wind purr on low."—LOWELL.

I. Planked Fish, Squizzled Bacon, Roasted Potatoes, Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Flapjacks, Maple Syrup. II. Brunswick Stew, Pan Fish Fried, Chow Chow, Baking Powder Biscuit, Steamed Figs, Cheese, Crackers, Coffee.

CANNED PEACHES.

Pare the fruit with a silver knife and in small quantities, as it quickly discolors from exposure to the air. It is a good plan to drop the pieces in ice-cold water until the last piece is pared. Drain thoroughly before adding to the syrup. It is always best to do a small quantity of fruit at a time, to insure perfection in the result. It will simply repay for the extra time it takes to work with the fruit. Will make the task an easy one, one paring while the other cooks and pours the fruit and syrup into the cans. The peach-pit seeds should be blanched and added to the syrup, as they serve to enrich it with their flavor. Peaches require very little cooking. Make a syrup, allowing one cup of sugar to one cup of water. Let boil a few minutes with the seeds, then put in the fruit. Pack the fruit in the syrup, fill a jar. Set the preserving kettle back on the stove where it will merely simmer, and let the fruit cook until you can place it with a straw, but not tender enough to break. Remove each piece separately with a skimmer, fill the hollows with one of the peach seeds. Fill the can with the fruit and pour over it the boiling syrup. Slip in carefully a silver knife to allow all the air bubbles to escape, fill to overflowing, and screw on

the tops, tightening them more as the fruit cooks.

GINGER CAKES.

Something quite out of the ordinary will be found in this recipe. Put one large egg, beaten sugar and one quart of the best molasses in a bowl, and set over the fire to cook twenty minutes, taking great care that they do not burn. At the end of this time stir into the molasses one pound of fresh butter, one pint of cream, one cup of ginger, and one teaspoon of the syrup from the ginger jar. Stir into a bowl three quarts of flour, and into this one tablespoonful of ground and sifted ginger. Mix a part of the flour and ginger, and pour the contents of the saucepan into it. When sufficiently cool to handle, work it up into a pliable dough, and roll out on the board. Make into a rather long, narrow cake, and bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes. The cake is moderately quickened with the cream and brown. Use only enough flour to hold the dough together nicely, or the cakes will be tough. If handled just right these cakes are excellent.

PEACH SHORTCAKE.

Sift four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cups of flour and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix in a fourth a cup of butter and a tablespoonful of sugar. Add milk sufficient to make a biscuit dough, roll out in two layers, and bake in one pan, with flecks of butter between the layers. Remove and butter the under crust well. Spread with peaches that have been pared and cut in sections. Sprinkle with sugar, and place on the upper crust. Bake in an oven for ten minutes. Arrange halved peaches around edge of shortcake, and fill in each little hollow with a pyramid of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with a little almond extract. Cover the top with the cream also.—Boston Cooking School.

HOW TO COOK DUCK.

Young housekeepers who have had little experience in cooking game, may be glad of a few simple suggestions in preparing wild duck for the table: If the duck are plump and young, they will be much the nicer roasted. By no means skin them, as so many say, by that method the best part of the bird is lost. It is by no means an easy task to singe them in the ordinary way, so that all down be removed.

A simple way is to rub them all over with alcohol, and then hold them over a fire of blazes. In a few moments the fuzz has burned off, and the rest can be removed by rubbing with an old, clean towel.

Wash thoroughly with soda water inside. It is even thought best by many old housekeepers to boil the duck in soda water for ten minutes before stuffing,

then rinse with clear water, and wipe dry.

Quack dressing is usually liked in stuffing duck; but, where it is not used, a small piece of fat salt pork is chopped fine and added. This last is thought to remove the strong taste from wild duck.

Roast in a covered roasting pan, as you would roast beef or lamb, basting frequently with young and tender, an hour or an hour and a half will be sufficient.

If they are to be fried, cut them up as you would a chicken. Let cook in warm water for a few moments, to draw out the blood. Then cook in soda water for ten minutes. Wash in clear water, and return to the kettle, and cook in plenty of clear boiling water until two-thirds done. Drain off the water and wipe, then fry slowly in plenty of hot butter until tender and crisp.

Make a gravy by pouring into the spider in which they were cooked one-half a pint of cream, and letting it come to a boil. Pour this over the birds.

Always serve currant jelly with duck. It is a good thing to plan a simple rather than a hearty meal in connection with duck.

Lettuce served with lemon juice or a salad dressing, mashed or scalloped potatoes, pickles, bread and butter, and for dessert, sliced oranges, a pineapple (fruit, or lemon sherbet, are sufficient; and the dinner will leave a much better impression than a more elaborate one. If a soup be desired, let it be of tomato or some other simple kind.—Carrie May Ashton, in Boston Cooking School.

CULINARY SUGGESTIONS.

The housekeeper on the farm will find it economy to buy a large piece of cheese at a time, brushing it over with a thin film of fresh butter to keep the cut parts soft and fresh, then wrapping it in oiled paper.

The mixing pan can be quickly cleaned if a little boiling water is poured into it for a few minutes and a close cover put over an inverted pan will answer. The steam softens the dried dough so it will readily wash clean.

Red raspberries, blueberries and blackberries are best obtained with sugar, but no wax. Well-cooked rhubarb in the proportion of one-fourth to three-fourths fruit will increase the quantity and not affect the quality.

For a picnic picnic dainty is made with hard-boiled eggs and sardines. Remove the yolks and mash with the fish to form a smooth paste, adding a little lemon juice and salt. Fill each half of the white with the mixture, put together and serve on lettuce or cream.

It is said if you or five large clean rabbits are dropped into the kettle where fruit is cooking there will be no burning on the bottom of the dish, adding a little lemon juice kept in motion by the boiling. This simple device is worth trying with jam or catsup.

WHAT LOVE IS.

Love is not all the valley and the rose; Love is the Alpine peak, that lone and cold.

Rests uncomplaining in the steady hold Of Honor's stainless and eternal snows.

When in a stormy day, when winds are howling, Rests uncomplaining in the steady hold Of Honor's stainless and eternal snows.

Across renunciation's height there glows That light of stars that bring all Heaven near.

Who strives to this hath nothing more to fear.

Love is not all the valley and the rose.

RENEWAL.

If one should hold a flower all dew and scent,

And see the bloom of summer's golden prime,

Yet mark its odorless breath too early spent,

Its glowing petals withered ere their time.

Let him be comforted! Shall flowers not blow, though this frail flower be dead?

If one should weep, remembering lost love,

Wild tears that bring the wanderer back no more,

Praying the earth beneath, the heavens above,

That hour of vanished rapture to restore—

Let him be comforted! Shall love not come, though this false love be fled?—Blanche Trenner Heath, in Town and Country.

EPIGRAMS.

This is a pretty decent world to the pretty decent.

All that the almanac was to our grandmothers, the Sunday paper is to us.

A large diamond ring, a diamond and a stupid woman is that one talks longer, and the other says more.

How often do we find this paradox: that the real "house beautiful" is the house of comedy.

In an hour of interrogation-point becomes in a time a desperate character.

Foolish writers wish to "strike twelve" at once, forgetting that the hours before noon are the best.

Love querulous is bad, but love garrulous is maddening.

Each time a woman ignores her conscience Satan rings up a fare.

To leave something unsaid is not necessary to prove oneself a liar.

Every time a woman runs down her own sex, her sins of commission run up correspondingly.

The self-announced are never difficult to entertain. They most prize a good listener.

Show me a man without fault, and I'll show you one without hope or charity.

Evil was the only woman whose curiosity influenced her entire future.

In the Garden of Memory there are more forget-me-nots than any other flowers.

A guilty future need cause no anxiety, if it be the present guiltless.

The woman who controls herself and one man could control an army.

The noisiest grief sometimes laughs the soonest.—Minna Thomas Antin, in New York Tribune.

ON THE SEASHORE.

She stood on the beach in her pretty bathing suit and looked anxiously up and down. Finally she saw a man in a boat, and signalled to him.

"Is the anything I can do for you?" he asked, as he ran his boat on the beach.

"Yes," she replied. "I do so want to get out to that life-raft."

"Oh, yes," he said, "your head there," he explained. "You can wade out to it."

"And run my new bathing suit?" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess not! I spoiled my last one by getting it wet, but I'd like to get out and stand on that life-raft. Will you look so sort of picturesque, you know."

"Very well," said the editor, "send me some material, and if it's all right I'll

accept it and give you a place on the staff."

A few days later Miss Tyree took a roll of manuscript to the editor's sanctum.

Then she waited.

Finally a summons came, and she ventured to the newspaper office anxiously.

The editor looked at her for a moment and then said brusquely: "Um—it won't do. Talk, Elizabeth, talk! Do something where you can talk. You'll make your fortune with your tongue; but never with your pen."

Miss Tyree went on the stage a short time afterward.

SUNSHINE.

I do not know what skies there were, Nor if the wind was high or low; I think I heard the branches stir A little when we turned to go; I think I saw the grasses sway As if they tried to kiss your feet And yet it seemed like yesterday, That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May; I think the sunlight must have shone; I know a secret of springtime lay Across the fields; we were alone. We went together, you and I; How could I look beyond your eyes? If you were only standing by I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed, Or noonday heat lay white and still Beyond the shadows of the road; I only watched your face until I knew 't was the bluest day. The sweetest day that summer knew The time when we two stole away And I saw only you.

AUBREY NEWTON.

STILL FAILED TO SEE.

"I'd like to see a man kiss me!" she said, with considerable spirit. "Well," he replied, thoughtfully, "as a spectacle I think you would find it disappointing. The value of a kiss does not lie in the looks of it, you know. However, if you feel that way about it, I would suggest that you stand over here and look in the mirror. There, that's just it."

"You horrid thing!" she exclaimed just about half a minute later. "Afterward she confessed to her dearest friend that she was so preoccupied that even then she did not see anyone else; but she was pretty well convinced in her own mind that some one did."

WHEN TIME LAUGHED.

I was seventeen, and she Blushed and bloomed at twenty-three; When I hinted we might wed—"You're too young for me," she said.

But I thirsted through the years, Tortured by my hopes and fears; And I longed to win her so, That it must have helped me grow.

For I hastened on so fast, My momentum bore me past! And to-day, by anguish rent, See my sad predicament.

She's still twenty-three; while I've Waxed sedate at thirty-five; And I hear her now and then, I am much too old for her.—Edwin L. Sabin, in the September Leslie's.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

"Don't touch my hand," said Dorothy; "I've been with my finger-tips. But never mind, there's nothing much The matter with my lips."—Carroll Wilson Rankin.

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